





FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1883.

## Visits to Hartford Cold Spring.

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Your correspondent and his chum started from Paris Hill about 8 o'clock July 15, on a visit to Hartford Cold Spring which is situated in Hartford. The day was all that could be asked, and after a pleasant drive of some over two hours we found ourselves before the residence of W. R. Bicknell, president of the Hartford Cold Spring Co. We were heartily welcomed by him, myself being an old acquaintance and a brother in "F. H. & C."

After a few moments that we were shown to the Spring by H. A. Bicknell, secretary of the Co. The Spring is 64 feet deep and under the ground. The water is conveyed by a rubber pipe to the packing house whither we next went. There the water is held in a large granite tank from which it is lifted.

The water is put up in two forms. It is bottled and bottled in its natural state and used very extensively for table use. It is also charged and bottled. The charged water is the same as the other only it is strongly charged with carbonic gas.

An invigorating beverage is made by mixing with the charged water a syrup made from ginger, etc. lemon and grated sugar and called "Ginger Ale." It is wholly free from anything that can intoxicate and no one need fear to drink it. The demand for the water and ale is so increasing that they will have to double their crew for packing in about a week.

The first lot of this water was sent to Boston in Oct. 1881. The first bottled water in Sept. 1882. A Stockholders meeting will be held on the first Wednesday of August. Boston parties contemplate building a large hotel near the spring this fall. A new and much larger building for packing is being built and is nearly completed.

Before leaving we again called to see W. E. Bicknell, alias "Hartford," the correspondent, and examined many of his beautiful specimens of pen work. Among them we noticed the Lord's Prayer printed by his pen so small that a common cent would cover it. I would like to give a further description of his collection, not only of his pen work but of minerals and curiosities from all over the world, but space will not allow.

BY OUR BUCKFIELD CORRESPONDENT.

Three miles from Buckfield Village, situated upon a prominent eminence commanding a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country, lies the Hartford Cold Spring. On a pleasant July morning it was our privilege to visit this resort. The drive from Buckfield is well worth the time devoted to it even was there no attraction at the end of the journey. The scenery is such as to afford pleasure to any who are not blind to the beauties of nature, while the clear, bracing atmosphere among the ranges of hills which this famous Spring finds its source, is healthful and invigorating. Some of the remarkable characteristics of the Spring are that neither the coldest days of winter nor the hottest days of summer have any perceptible effect upon the temperature of its water. It never freezes. It never becomes warm. Being remarkably clear, it is also remarkably pure and healthful. It has for many years had a local reputation for purity and general excellence but true merit cannot always be confined at home. By what might be termed an accident, perhaps, a barrel of the water was sent to Boston in the fall of 1881. Its merits got abroad and since that time its growth in popularity and the increase of its sale have been almost unappreciated. At our recent visit we found that the water was being bottled and shipped at the rate of about two thousand bottles per day and that even this rate was insufficient to fill the constantly increasing demand. The facilities for bottling and shipping the water are soon to be considerably increased and a new building is now in process of erection to accommodate the business. A store-house is also to be built at Buckfield by the Hartford Cold Spring Co. and the Hartford Cold Spring Co. is now in the process of erecting a new building to accommodate the business. A store-house is also to be built at Buckfield by the Hartford Cold Spring Co. and the Hartford Cold Spring Co. is now in the process of erecting a new building to accommodate the business.

Quite a number of buildings were re-erected just before leaving. Miss Lizzie McAlister has returned from a short visit to her father's at Freedom, N. H.

The "Oxford Game & Irish League" was put up by a small summer house on Goat Island.

Chancy Varnam has returned and gone to work in the factory.

John Robinson has sold his "Hebron colt" for a little over \$400.00.

A few years ago A. F. Hinds cut with a scythe 64 acres of grass in nine hours.

During the terrible thunder shower of the 12th inst. four very valuable colts owned by John Robinson, Levi Dingley, Fletcher Scribner and Ed. Weston were killed by lightning while standing under a tree in Ellis Stone's pasture.

Police Inspector O. M. Hanson, of Boston, and family are visiting his father's, Moses Hanson.

Money is so plenty in this village that it can be found laying round loose in the street almost any time. Over \$8.00 in small change have been picked up in the road since June 1st.

Do you want to know what your neighbors are doing? Do you want to get the first news of every thing that happens in Oxford County? If you do, read this paper. It contains more local news from this section of the county than any other paper published. For only 25 cents you can try it three months and judge for yourself. Try it.

The large mill of the Mousam Manufacturing Co., Hackett's Mills, is now up. Many of our best young men are at work upon it.

Arthur Whiting, now an engineer in Brockton, Mass., is spending his vacation at his father's in this village.

The large mill of the Mousam Manufacturing Co., Hackett's Mills, is now up. Many of our best young men are at work upon it.

A three days unexpected rain, just at the time when the largest burden of hay for the season was down, has done a good deal of damage in this vicinity.

The tax collector is going his weary rounds.

G. H. Jones brings in the first string of black bass.

The regular correspondent writes from Cumberland: "I am having a good time and am considering a proposition to buy the people here. I can cut more grass, tell more lies, and eat more pies than any one ever saw before."

If you hear any news of interest, please send it in. We want all the local news we can get.

LITTLE DAISY.

An artist from London, England, was on the Geo. Robinson hill in East Oxford last week to take a sketch of the White Mountains from that place. He said he could get the best distant view of the mountains from there and took a sketch 5x8 feet.

A large amount of hay was out in the rains of Friday and Saturday, and the greater part of it was put into the barn Sunday.

The people are beginning to come out into the country, and Frye's stage is loaded about every night.

Rev. A. B. Lovewell of Bolster Mills made a visit Wednesday as he was passing through town.

The frame to the school house is up and the building grows apace.

Frank is repairing the Foster house, lay window, piazza, etc. Frank will soon have a nice place.

Eugene Fletcher sports the finest work team and harnesses ever seen in our streets. J. D. Williams "made em," the harnesses, we mean.

Chas. W. Bowker took a trip down East, last Saturday, and turned up bright and smiling Monday morning.

Geo. Jones' horse ran away the other morning, no damage.

Last Saturday eve as Joseph Tufts was driving by the hardware store the axle in his near forward wheel broke and let himself and wife down.

The horse ran and dragged Mr. T. until he reached the Post Office, when some one caught him by the head and stopped him. Mr. T. was considerably bruised.

We saw Eugene Hoods manipulating the ribbons behind a black roan that looked very much like a trotter, the other day.

Mr. A. Mixer planted four quarts of peas, "Carters' First Crop" and has thus far harvested eight bushels and three pecks besides saving one row, which is one twelfth of the piece, for seed.

Says the *Squid*, Rev. Ira G. Sprague, of the Methodist church, Auburn, Mr. S. is a good mackerel fisher. Wednesday evening he supplied the Islanders with fresh mackerel from his own hook.

The worthy pastor is so fond of fishing as vigorously for the church as he is for the trying pans of the Islanders.

—Later, Mr. S. says, the *Squid* ought to have given a part of the credit of the catch to one hundred and sixty-three mackerel to Mrs. Sprague and the children, who did valiant work with the lines. Mr. Sprague and family returned from Squirrel, Saturday.

Mr. Iverson of Lewiston was in town last Wednesday trying to arrange for a two days trotting meeting to be held at the grounds between So. Paris and Norway.

E. Hood has taken the Dvoaks horse to Portland to be sold.

OXFORD.

Joseph Dyer, a boat builder, is about finishing a propper for Monday. The boat is after the pattern of a steam yacht and is capable of carrying some forty or fifty passengers. It will carry parties to the hotel on Maguire Island.

A. G. Hines, at the hotel, has some very fine colts. They were sired by his Hamiltonian stallion.

Thos. Baker makes a big show on his 5, 10 and 25 cent counters. You would be surprised to see the many useful things that can be purchased for a whole or half dime or a quarter dollar. He has money in everything. It is a great attraction for the ladies. Just step in and see those toilet sets. He has many pretty designs and they can't fail to please. Just say you saw this invitation in the *Advertiser* [Ed.]

Owing to the unusual press of passenger and freight traffic on Thursday, the first of this season a new and larger steamer will be put on about Aug. 1st.

J. K. Chase has sold over 400 picture-frames during the past three weeks.

Merrill Brackett recently cut two acres of short grass, rather hard moving in one hour and thirty-five minutes upon the temperature of its water. It never freezes. It never becomes warm. Being remarkably clear, it is also remarkably pure and healthful. It has for many years had a local reputation for purity and general excellence but true merit cannot always be confined at home. By what might be termed an accident, perhaps, a barrel of the water was sent to Boston in the fall of 1881. Its merits got abroad and since that time its growth in popularity and the increase of its sale have been almost unappreciated. At our recent visit we found that the water was being bottled and shipped at the rate of about two thousand bottles per day and that even this rate was insufficient to fill the constantly increasing demand. The facilities for bottling and shipping the water are soon to be considerably increased and a new building is now in process of erection to accommodate the business. A store-house is also to be built at Buckfield by the Hartford Cold Spring Co. and the Hartford Cold Spring Co. is now in the process of erecting a new building to accommodate the business.

Quite a number of buildings were re-erected just before leaving. Miss Lizzie McAlister has returned from a short visit to her father's at Freedom, N. H.

The "Oxford Game & Irish League" was put up by a small summer house on Goat Island.

Chancy Varnam has returned and gone to work in the factory.

John Robinson has sold his "Hebron colt" for a little over \$400.00.

A few years ago A. F. Hinds cut with a scythe 64 acres of grass in nine hours.

During the terrible thunder shower of the 12th inst. four very valuable colts owned by John Robinson, Levi Dingley, Fletcher Scribner and Ed. Weston were killed by lightning while standing under a tree in Ellis Stone's pasture.

Police Inspector O. M. Hanson, of Boston, and family are visiting his father's, Moses Hanson.

Money is so plenty in this village that it can be found laying round loose in the street almost any time. Over \$8.00 in small change have been picked up in the road since June 1st.

Do you want to know what your neighbors are doing? Do you want to get the first news of every thing that happens in Oxford County? If you do, read this paper. It contains more local news from this section of the county than any other paper published. For only 25 cents you can try it three months and judge for yourself. Try it.

The large mill of the Mousam Manufacturing Co., Hackett's Mills, is now up. Many of our best young men are at work upon it.

Arthur Whiting, now an engineer in Brockton, Mass., is spending his vacation at his father's in this village.

The large mill of the Mousam Manufacturing Co., Hackett's Mills, is now up. Many of our best young men are at work upon it.

A three days unexpected rain, just at the time when the largest burden of hay for the season was down, has done a good deal of damage in this vicinity.

The tax collector is going his weary rounds.

G. H. Jones brings in the first string of black bass.

The regular correspondent writes from Cumberland: "I am having a good time and am considering a proposition to buy the people here. I can cut more grass, tell more lies, and eat more pies than any one ever saw before."

If you hear any news of interest, please send it in. We want all the local news we can get.

PARTS HILL.

O. A. Thayer is closing out the goods in his store. He is the inventor of a ladies work table with folding legs. It is a new and contrivance and there is no doubt he will get a patent on it.

The will of the late Joseph S. Walker was presented for probate last Tuesday and the acceptance of the same was resisted by Mr. Walker's sister, Mrs. Eliza A. Chase, who claimed that the will was made by her brother was mentally unfit to make it.

The hearing occupied considerable time. Hon. D. R. Hastings of Fryburg and Judge Walter of Bridgton appeared for the probate of the will and Hon. Enoch Foster and Seth W. Fife of Fryburg for the resistance.

The summer term of school in Johnston, taught by Miss Helen A. Johnson closed June 13th. This was the teacher's second term in her own district and her efforts have been very successful. Thoroughness in each branch of study was noticeable at examination. Singing received proper attention and should be taught in all our schools where the teacher is competent.

The school-room was tastefully trimmed with evergreen and decked with wreaths and flowers, giving the visitors a cheerful welcome to the closing of the term. The scholars presented their teacher with a handsome book of poems as a token of their love and appreciation.

H. C. Davis, esq., Register of Probate, says that the business at his office was a good one during the past year. He was steadily increasing. We think the officer who performs this work should be better compensated for it than he is at present.

The Paris Hill Manf. Co. is overrun with orders for their goods. Work has begun on the new building.

Farmers report grass extra but help for hay is scarce.

Fruit, especially apples are looking scattering. Some orchards will fall one fourth of last year's crop.

BOLSTER MILLS.

During the past week several heavy showers have passed over this vicinity, with sharp lightning and heavy thunder. One Thursday afternoon in the east part of Otisfield, the lightning killed four horses in one pasture, one of which was valued \$500, and another \$300.

Deacon Wm. Chute, who has been feeble several months, died last Sabbath morning, aged 63 years and 9 months. He was born in Otisfield Oct. 23, 1819, and when he reached maturity years he married and settled at Naples, where he resided twenty years or more, after which he located at this place, where he resided at the time of his decease. Mr. Chute was an active member of the Congregational Church at Naples, and was a deacon and for many years he was almost the only male member, taking care of the house of worship and making his house a home for preachers.

He retained his clear mind with the church in Naples until his decease. He was a member of Oriental Lodge of F. and A. M. many years and several years was Master of the Lodge.

A Commandery of United Order of the Golden Cross was instituted here Monday evening, July 9th, with officers as follows: F. O. Stanley, N. C.; Mrs. G. P. Evans, N. Y. C.; S. C. Stoddard, N. P.; Oscar Tibbets, N. K. R.; Lyman Jewett, N. E. K. R.; Z. Lane, N. T.; W. M. Greenleaf, N. H.; and W. C. G. Dennis, Waterhouse, N. W. C. G.; Dr. J. D. Holt, P. N. C.

Porter.

The three first days of last week we had excellent fair weather. Thursday, the 12th inst., about one o'clock a severe thunder storm commenced here, which continued all the afternoon, vivid flashes of lightning were very frequent and the loud thunder, peal after peal echoed from hill to hill and across the fields. The rain fell in torrents all night long.

Mr. David A. Colcord had two sheep and two lambs killed in his pasture that day, by lightning.

Mr. Simeon Day's barn was also struck and one end of it badly shattered but fortunately it was not set on fire.

Friday afternoon there was another heavy shower but as far as we know it did not do any damage in this vicinity. A large quantity of rain fell.

The farmers in this section had a good deal of hay out and much of it nearly ready to go in, the showers heavy shower but as far as we know it did not do any damage in this vicinity. A large quantity of rain fell.

Mr. William Ridlon, wife and daughter, of Boston Mass., have been on a visit to their relatives in this town the past week. Mr. Ridlon's father, William Taylor, is very low, not expected to recover.

Mr. Abner McDonald, a gentleman 75 years of age, accompanied by his grand-daughter, Miss Amanda McDonald and Miss Laura A. Hurd, a young lady living in the family, went to Biddeford July 20 to see to the "Paw" circus, they also spent a day at "Old Orchard." Grandfather, as he is familiarly called, enjoys these "sight" excursions as well as young gentlemen in his prime.

They call Sheriff Stacy "Grandpa" now, in honor thereof he wears spectacles and walks with a cane. His eyes sparkle and his face all aglow with smiles, as he answers promptly to the new title. A son was born to his youngest daughter, Lizzie, wife of George Sweet, of North Parsonfield, the 7th inst.

Can any reader of the *Advertiser* inform me through its columns, what the true origin of the stars and stripes" on the American flag?

Locke's Mills.

The Tibbets Manf. Co., have been obliged once more to put in more machines. They are now running eleven finishing machines and have all the work they can handle.

E. J. Bird & Co., have exchanged their farm near the bridge farm in Bethel for the Daniel Glines farm in Greenwood.

A. C. Libby has moved his stable from across the street and connected it with the other buildings which improves the looks of his place very much.

Mr. Jordan has made considerable improvement on the buildings here bought of Mrs. M. G. McKenney.

Our surveyor has put in a force pump in the village, which was needed very much.

Help is very scarce as far as hay is concerned, wages from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford will preach at Currier's Hall, Sunday next at 10.45.

E. W. Bartlett is home from the west on a short vacation.

PARIS-HARTFORD DISTRICT.

Mr. George Maxim met with an accident two weeks ago. He was leading his horse when the horse jumped and threw Mr. Maxim down hurting his head and shoulder quite badly. The horse was cropping the leaves from some fallen bushes and dragged a bush which came into his mouth and frightened him.

School closed in dist. No. 8 June 28, taught by Miss Apphia J. Parsons. This was her first term, but she met with well earned success. The closing exercises were very interesting, consisting of readings, recitations and other exercises by the children, and lastly a collection furnished by scholars and friends, all of which was enjoyed by quite a number of parents and invited friends.

School in dist. No. 15, taught by Miss Flora Maxim, closed July 6. This was her first term. We doubt not but it was a profitable term to the scholars.

Frankie Briggs has a hen that weighs 19 oz. In twenty-five days she layed 16 eggs the total weight of which was 20 oz. He wants to from some other boy.

There is music in the air,—beetles by night and moving machines by day.

Mr. Briggs has a piece of potatoes planted May 24th from which he expects a very large crop. The grass is tall and stout and the crops of all kinds are looking excellent. We saw a number of hoing, full as many we think as we did having, though the mowing machines were clicking on a number of farms, which we passed. We saw several fine pieces of squashes, or in fact a good many pieces which we learn are to be sent to the Boston and Lewiston market when ripe. Prices vary from 24 to 30 cents per pound.

We heard that last week an engineer would survey the route for a R. R. from Bryant's Pond to Andover, but he has not been on yet.

It is almost impossible to get help for hay. Wages high, \$2.00, \$2.50 per day.

S. Silver, on account of ill health, intends to sell his farm.

Some fields of corn are tasseling out. Peas, beans, cucumbers and early squashes are in bloom. Apples are falling off badly and the crop will be light. Many pieces of oats are heading out, spring rye is looking first-rate. The corn is ripening and the bushes are loaded.

The school taught by Miss Minnie Abbott, at the Point, finished Friday. They celebrated the last day by having a picnic in the grove.

Mrs. Lydia Simpson, one of the oldest persons in Rumford, died Sunday, June 17th, of typhoid fever, after a sickness of a week or ten days. The last thirty six hours of her sickness, she neither spoke, moved or took any nourishment. She apparently did not know any one. She lived to be 94 years of age, between 90 and 100 years, her mother lived to be 104 years of age. The funeral took place Monday at her house at 1 o'clock P. M.

Bethel.

A big sensation was caused Wednesday by a woman getting lost in the woods a few miles from this village. Peggy Quirk, sister of Michael Quirk, about seventy years of age, was picking potato bugs in a field back of her house, and as it was getting dark, she was subject to them. After coming out of them she usually started on a run in any direction she happened to take, and after exhausting herself in that way, generally took a nap. The potato field being near the woods, she probably took that course and became bewildered and lost, and night coming on, she wandered all night through the forest, and being partially deaf and blind, she was unable to find her way, although all the men of the neighborhood were out searching for her until one or two o'clock. At five in the morning the search was continued and she was found near the woods, she said she had traveled all night, and was pretty well tired out, but after being refreshed by food and rest, did not seem to be much worse for the big search.

Thursday night, last week, at the Mason Lodge, we observed with pain the altered looks of our presiding officer, Mr. L. T. Barker. His beard is rapidly becoming snowy, white—not that it is at all unbecoming—but that it is a reminder of old age and sorrow. We therefore more carefully inquired as to the cause of this premature whiteness, and were informed by his friends that he had lately been hurt by his all shooting glass balls with Hon. Enoch Foster and had been defeated. We must confess that we were greatly surprised that so prudent a man should have been duped into a contest with such a glass ball sharp as Foster.

Haying has fairly commenced and everybody is driving business, and as a consequence haying tools are booming. Farmers seem to keep up with the times in using improved implements and machinery. Mr. Abiel Chandler tells me he has sold near four thousand dollars worth of mowers and rakes alone, and besides there are two regular hardware stores in the village where those machines are sold. The hay crop and every other crop are coming in abundantly except the apple crop, which seems to be blighted. The trees blossomed out beautifully but did not set.

The Congregational Circle has purchased an *Index* on for their vestry. They meet every Thursday afternoon and picnic at six, and manage to have a good time as well as to recruit their resources.

Summer visitors from the cities are rapidly filling the hotels and private boarding houses, and on all the thoroughfares leading in and out of town, gay teams and gay people may be seen taking their airings among the many places of interest in the surrounding country.

Will give you a fit or pay back your money.

NOYES' DRUG STORE

Try Crockett's Yellow Dock Bitters.

HERBON.

This pleasant town attracts as usual people from the cities who enjoy its scenery.

Miss Emma E. Young, a teacher in Portland, Me., who has spent several summers in this country, is again with her mother and niece and they are making their home at Miss Bailey's.

Miss Isabelle Cromwell, A. B., a former preceptress in this Academy and now a teacher in New Haven Conn., is visiting her mother.

Our boys from "Cody" are at home pending their vacation having.

Miss Bertha Everett is teaching in Backfield.

Mr. H. L. Whitney, of Boston, has bought of Mrs. Penley, the place now occupied by Mrs. Bray and intends to make improvements.

Mr. Sylvanus Pearce has much improved the appearance of his house by repairs and painting.

NORTH RUMFORD.

The school in dist. No. 5, taught by Miss Lizzie Young of Livermore, finished Friday the 13th, after a most satisfactory term of nine weeks.

William Phinney has sold eleven Buckeye mowers and five Tiger rakes this season.

John Howe turned his mare into his back pasture some time ago and as it was some distance from the house he did not look after it as he should. One day last week she came down, he saw she had fouled her tail up to the hilt and found the colt dead and partly eaten by some animal.

The rainy weather of last week caught considerable hay in the fields. We took a trip to Bethel last week, up one side of the Androscoggin and in the other, a very pleasant trip this time of the year. The grass is tall and stout and the crops of all kinds are looking excellent. We saw a number of hoing, full as many we think as we did having, though the mowing machines were clicking on a number of farms, which we passed. We saw several fine pieces of squashes, or in fact a good many pieces which we learn are to be sent to the Boston and Lewiston market when ripe. Prices vary from 24 to 30 cents per pound.

We heard that last week an engineer would survey the route for a R. R. from Bryant's Pond to Andover, but he has not been on yet.

It is almost impossible to get help for haying. Wages high, \$2.00, \$2.50 per day.

S. Silver, on account of ill health, intends to sell his farm.

Some fields of corn are tasseling out. Peas, beans, cucumbers and early squashes are in bloom. Apples are falling off badly and the crop will be light. Many pieces of oats are heading out, spring rye is looking first-rate. The corn is ripening and the bushes are loaded.

The school taught by Miss Minnie Abbott, at the Point, finished Friday. They celebrated the last day by having a picnic in the grove.

Mrs. Lydia Simpson, one of the oldest persons in Rumford, died Sunday, June 17th, of typhoid fever, after a sickness of a week or ten days. The last thirty six hours of her sickness, she neither spoke, moved or took any nourishment. She apparently did not know any one. She lived to be 94 years of age, between 90 and 100 years, her mother lived to be 104 years of age. The funeral took place Monday at her house at 1 o'clock P. M.

Bethel.

A big sensation was caused Wednesday by a woman getting lost in the woods a few miles from this village. Peggy Quirk, sister of Michael Quirk, about seventy years of age, was picking potato bugs in a field back of her house, and as it was getting dark, she was subject to them. After coming out of them she usually started on a run in any direction she happened to take, and after exhausting herself in that way, generally took a nap. The potato field being near the woods, she probably took that course and became bewildered and lost, and night coming on, she wandered all night through the forest, and being partially deaf and blind, she was unable to find her way, although all the men of the neighborhood were out searching for her until one or two o'clock. At five in the morning the search was continued and she was found near the woods, she said she had traveled all night, and was pretty well tired out, but after being refreshed by food and rest, did not seem to be much worse for the big search.

Thursday night, last week, at the Mason Lodge, we observed with pain the altered looks of our presiding officer, Mr. L. T. Barker. His beard is rapidly becoming snowy, white—not that it is at all unbecoming—but that it is a reminder of old age and sorrow. We therefore more carefully inquired as to the cause of this premature whiteness, and were informed by his friends that he had lately been hurt by his all shooting glass balls with Hon. Enoch Foster and had been defeated. We must confess that we were greatly surprised that so prudent a man should have been duped into a contest with such a glass ball sharp as Foster.

Haying has fairly commenced and everybody is driving business, and as a consequence haying tools are booming. Farmers seem to keep up with the times in using improved implements and machinery. Mr. Abiel Chandler tells me he has sold near four thousand dollars worth of mowers and rakes alone, and besides there are two regular hardware stores in the village where those machines are sold. The hay crop and every other crop are coming in abundantly except the apple crop, which seems to be blighted. The trees blossomed out beautifully but did not set.

The Congregational Circle has purchased an *Index* on for their vestry. They meet every Thursday afternoon and picnic at six, and manage to have a good time as well as to recruit their resources.

Summer visitors from the cities are rapidly filling the hotels and private boarding houses, and on all the thoroughfares leading in and out of town, gay teams and gay people may be seen taking their airings among the many places of interest in the surrounding country.

Will give you a fit or pay back your money.

NOYES' DRUG STORE

Try Crockett's Yellow Dock Bitters.

MID-SUMMER BARGAINS IN

FURNITURE!

AT

C. S. CUMMINGS'

FURNITURE WARE ROOMS,

Norway, Me.

Complete Assortment!

All of the LATEST STYLES.

Price Low!

Goods Warranted as Represented.

Please examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Goods delivered free on the G. T. R., within 40 miles of this place.

NEW INVOICE!

CALL AND SEE THE







